

## THE OLD HOME.

BY WILL WALLACE HARNLEY.

[From Scribner's for December.]

An out-door quiet held the earth,  
Beneath the winter moon.  
The cricket chirped in cozy mirth,  
And the kettle crouched, upon the hearth.  
A sweet, old-fashioned tune.

The old clock ticked, a drowsy rattle,  
With the clicking of the cricket,  
And red coals in the chimney-place  
Peeped out, with many a rosy face,  
Like berries in a thicket.

The crane's arm empty, stuck out stiff,  
And lay on the shelves  
Twinkled and winked at every glint,  
In the flickering fire-light, as if  
They whispered to themselves.

The good dame, in her ruffled cap,  
Counted the minutes passing slowly,  
And the old man, with many a gaze,  
Read from the Big Book on his lap.  
The good words, wise and holy.

The old clock ticked; the old man read,  
His deep voice pausing, lowering  
The good wife nodded, drooped her head—  
The lids of both were heavy as lead—  
They were sound asleep and snoring.

Oh, hush old couple! sweet dream,  
While all the milk pans tiling—  
Pans painted by the mother's hand,  
Till John and the milkmaid came  
Bring Maggie from the quilting.

May Time, I pray, when falling years  
Make this my voice and thrapple,  
Find my last days in the time of youth,  
As sweet with child and love and prayers,  
And like a winter apple.

## ABOUT WOMEN.

The executive committee of the Woman's Club, Boston, have arranged for a series of lectures for the winter season.

Berlin ladies wear Parisian fashions just as they used to do before the war, notwithstanding their protestations that they never would.

A gentleman who has been struck by a young lady's beauty has determined to follow the injunction, and "kiss the rod that smote him."

The Akron, Ohio, Board of Education has appointed Miss Anna Parsons, of Zanesville, principal of the Akron high school at a salary of \$1,400.

Gov. Campbell, of Wyoming, says in a recent letter: "The statement that respectable women did not generally vote at the last election is, I believe, incorrect. I think that more women voted at the last than at any previous election in the territory."

French politeness at the benefit of Mlle. Dejazet: "What age is she?" said a Republican; "she still looks so young," "Citizen," responded the person addressed, "elle aura bientôt vingt ans, pour la quatrième fois"—"in a little while she will be twenty for the fourth time."

A dispensary for women has been established at Benares, the holy city of the Hindus, by one of the princess of India. Miss Brink, M. D., has charge. According to The Friend of India an extensive field has been opened in India for women physicians. So much have Miss Brink's services been appreciated that several more women doctors could find employment in Benares.

Madame Jennie VanZandt has a daughter 14 years old whose voice is said to be something remarkable. Mapleson, the London impresario, offers to give her four years instruction under the most eminent Italian masters, during which time she will receive \$200 per year, on condition that a contract is signed by which he will have her services for six years from the time she is prepared for her debut in the opera.

The new English wife of the renowned P. T. Barnum is thus described as she appeared the other day in Cincinnati at a circus performance: She is apparently about twenty-four years old, and looks like a lady of amiability and refinement. She is short in stature, inclining to embonpoint; blonde complexion; features of a pure English type; eyes blue; hair a golden brown; profile decided and regular. It was evidently her first visit to the hippodrome, for her interest was undisguised, and she watched the Indians and the buffalo with special wonder.

A bachelor thus impeaches woman: I impeach her in the name of the great whale of the ocean, whose bones are torn asunder to enable her to keep staid. I impeach her in the name of the peacock, whose strut without his permission she has stealthily and without honor assumed. I impeach her in the name of the horse, whose tail she has perverted from its use to the making of wavy tresses to decorate the back of the head and neck. I impeach her in the name of the kangaroo, whose beautiful figure she is taking upon her the Grecian bend, has brought into illfavor and disrepute.

Miss Cushman has written the following note to a gentleman in Boston:

Mr. Dexter Smith: "DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of your note of the 14th, which absence from town has prevented my receiving sooner. In answer to your inquiries, I can only say that I am about acting a series of engagements in various places, which will probably be the last of my dramatic performances; but with regard to the place where I shall take my final farewell of the stage, or whether I shall ever take any formal farewell, it is impossible for me to say."

Yours truly,

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

I hear that the ladies of the leading Bonapartist families are at present at work on a carpet which they intend to offer as a New Year's present to the Empress Eugenie. This carpet is composed of squares of fine embroidery, each the size of a carte-de-visite photograph. Each lady is to work one square; those who are in possession of armorial bearings are to embroider their arms on their portions, while those who are not entitled to such distinctions are simply to work their monograms. The different sections are to be joined by golden braid embroidered with violets, and the whole carpet is to be edged with a broad border of similar color and design. Thus do the female partisans of the empress design to deposit their homage not only at, but under the feet of their liege lady. The Rappel suggests that very few squares will be worked for it by the ladies of Alsace and Lorraine.—[Paris letter.]

It is now nearly two years since the death of Mr. Horace Greeley, and this season, for the first time since that event, his daughters, Ida and Gabrielle, occasionally make their appearance in public. Gabrielle is still very young, probably not more than eighteen, but has grown during her years of seclusion into a tall and very beautiful girl. Both have exquisite complexions, lovely eyes, ripe, scarlet lips, and the sweet, child-like expression which distinguished their father. Ida is most like her father, however, in appearance, and Gabrielle like her mother. Evidently the most devoted affection subsists between the two girls. Ida, the elder, looks after her sister lovingly, and says: "Haven't she grown tall and pretty?" And Gabrielle remarks: "Don't you think I begin to look more like Ida?" Their manners are very charming, perfectly simple, easy and unaffected, yet with a fine air of good breeding, and even distinction, of which

they are apparently quite unaware.—New York Letter.

Matilda Fletcher's work during the past year, according to the Fort Dodge Messenger, has been enormous. She has lectured 100 nights, traveled 7,000 miles, written a book upon "Practical Ethics" for schools and families, arranged it by an easy, original and unique method, and has invented a beautiful and beautiful chart presenting the faculties and virtues in such a harmonious and truthful light that a child can comprehend and remember with ease their mutual relations and meanings. She has also prepared three new lectures, two of which—"The Heart of a Man," and "What Can You Do?" were given to the public last winter, and met with great popularity. The other one, significantly styled "The Ethics of Marriage," will be presented for the first time the coming season. Besides this work she has advised and established industrial exhibitions in the public schools, which the lower house of the legislature, acting upon her suggestions, last winter enacted into a law. She has spent her leisure hours during the year in practical inventions, having invented a carriage with four entirely new features, a trunk combining four distinct articles of furniture, etc. Her life has been a busy one, and its result is one of great credit. Let others of her sex take inspiration, and above all let the world give full credit to the work and success of this one earnest woman.

## WHIPPED AND PILLORED.

THE WHIPPING POST IN DELAWARE—THE RAGE OF THE WOMEN TO SEE THE PUNISHMENT INFLICTED.

The correspondent of the Baltimore American, writing from Wilmington, Delaware, thus describes a strange sight: The first installment of the semi-annual whippings in this county took place at New Castle at noon to-day. About 400 people crowded themselves into the jail yard, some of whom were women, who seemingly enjoyed the spectacle with equal glee with the men. There were of the same sex mounted on the roof of the sheriff's dwelling, and being warmly robed sat there laughing at the sufferings of those who were fastened to the post. The castigation was administered by William H. Lamson, the new sheriff, who was sworn in a week ago. He was very partial in the exercise of his duty, favoring some and whipping others with great severity. He disobeyed in many instances the injunction, "well laid on," and with determination written on his face he would not be deterred by a swift and sudden jerk in others. The offenses were all of a like nature, none being punished for anything other than larceny, and whatever disparity was intended by the court was meted out by it in the terms of imprisonment. As a sort of punishment for the whipping, three men were pilloried, each for an hour, as a part of the punishment for the day. They were John T. Dolan, Edward Sanders, and George Gilbert, all of whom we shall speak again presently. Edward Sanders took his place as the first victim of the lash, and his back was reddened under twenty blows lightly laid on. He bore his punishment quietly and with a subdued spirit, without flinching. He was then remanded to jail for six months. John T. Dolan took his place as the second victim of the lash, and his back was reddened under twenty lashes for the larceny of a horse with greater indications of pain, the cat being more heavily laid on. When released he sprang away from the post, saying, "How's that for high sheriff?" He has two years to serve in jail. George Gilbert took his place as the third victim of the lash, and his back was reddened under twenty lashes for the larceny of a horse with greater indications of pain, the cat being more heavily laid on. When released he sprang away from the post, saying, "How's that for high sheriff?" He has two years to serve in jail. John T. Dolan took his place as the fourth victim of the lash, and his back was reddened under twenty lashes for the larceny of a horse with greater indications of pain, the cat being more heavily laid on. When released he sprang away from the post, saying, "How's that for high sheriff?" He has two years to serve in jail.

WRITTEN CONSIDERABLY under his punishment. A term of six months awaits him, and a convict's jacket for six months afterward. Shadrach Trusty, a colored lad, gave evidence of much suffering during the whipping, but walked laughingly away from the post after it was over. He jumped and floundered about very much, and several times pulled out his hands from the bonds which were too large to hold him firmly to the post. Finally his hands were wrapped, and he broke away no more. At one time he kicked viciously at the sheriff, and all his gyrations brought out tremendous laughter and cheering from the crowd. Besides his twenty lashes, he has yet six months' imprisonment to serve, and then a convict's jacket to wear for a similar period. Clayton Earle (colored), 65 years of age, paid the penalty of an effort to steal corn in twelve lashes, which were well laid on, and which he writhed greatly. His body shook like an aspen. He was dismissed with the convict's jacket. Clayton is the same individual who brought suit against his accuser in the United States Court for an alleged attempt to control his vote by threats and intimidations. The case has not yet been tried. The severest flogging was visited upon Charles Brown, who had been convicted of the larceny of clothing. For some reason the sheriff spared not the cat, but laid it on heavily, which Brown bore without a murmur, without any indications of pain. His back was much marked, more so than any of the rest, but no blood was drawn. Blood did not appear upon the backs of any. Brown has entered upon a year's imprisonment, and will afterward wear a convict's jacket for six months. John T. Dolan, (white), who had stolen a horse, was the last to receive his punishment. He was both young and handsome, and in his face exhibited the pain which he was suffering, and elicited much sympathy.

## A CHILD MURDERER.

The Rome (Ga.) Commercial has the following strange instance of a juvenile crime: The most diabolical act in the criminal records of this county was perpetrated day before yesterday, on Maj. Wooley's plantation, about a mile west of Kingston. A negro girl, Cass Arrp, 12 years of age, stole some potatoes. No one save herself was cognizant of the theft but a little negro boy, aged two years, a son of Tom Wooley. This boy told on the girl. The girl afterward strayed off with the little boy, and shortly returned alone. The child being missed for some time, there was some uneasiness concerning its whereabouts and it was before it finally found. The girl was found. Suspicions were awakened that the child had been foully dealt with. Capt. Ben Roper discovered some tracks on the river bank. The tracks indicated that two children had gone down to the river, and but one of them, the larger, had returned. On comparing the larger track with one made by the girl, Cass Arrp, the two tracks were identical. The girl was arrested, and afterward confessed to having thrown the child into the river some distance, crying out several times before it finally sank. The girl was sent to Carversville, where she is now confined in prison. We understand that several of her relatives are now in jail for committing various crimes, stealing, burning gin-houses, etc.

## THE LAST.

The last kiss—  
Whose fond lips will give it?  
What heart will live to it?  
The last morn—  
What bright eyes will see that?  
The last man—  
What poor soul will see that?

The last pang—  
Whose sad heart will know it?  
The last smile—  
What fair face will show it?  
The last boon—  
Who will give this kindly?

The last hope—  
Fancy drops the curtain!  
Of things last  
Only two are certain:  
That all—  
This will be a true man's;  
The last word—  
That will be a woman's.

## RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

TWO TRAINS CARRY A BRIDGE DOWN—A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

A Baltimore dispatch to the New York Herald of the 30th inst. gives the following strange escape from a terrible disaster: A tremendous smash-up occurred on the Northern Central railroad this afternoon, at about 4 o'clock, near the Relay House, seven miles from this city. The Cockeysville accommodation train going south, and the York accommodation going north, were passing each other on the bridge over the lake, about 100 yards above the station, when the bridge, of about 100 feet span, gave way, and the baggage car and one passenger coach of each train were precipitated into the lake. Upon Young, of Woodberry, was instantly killed, and George Weisner, of Cockeysville, had both legs fractured, one of them being terribly crushed, and he is not expected to live till morning. Both were on the northward bound train, and both in the baggage car. Samuel Harris, conductor of the train, was severely hurt, and the engineer slightly injured. The coaches quickly filled with water, not, however, before the passengers were rescued through holes cut in the tops of the cars. The scene of the disaster at 10 o'clock to-night was remarkable. The smashed cars, baggage tenders, and the mangled bodies of the passengers, lay at the bottom of the lake, and the crushed tubes and rods of the iron bridge sticking out like quills in every direction. The escape of any of the passengers appeared almost a miracle, and can only be accounted for by the fact that one train had just left the station and the other was slackening speed as it approached the Relay. The bridge had been thoroughly repaired within two weeks, and engineers are unable to account for its sudden collapse. The Baltimore papers of the 1st inst. give fuller particulars of this strange accident, from which the following additional facts are obtained: As the bridge gave way and the passengers felt themselves falling, all seized their seats and made a spring toward the rear door. The shock as the forward end of the cars struck the bottom of the lake was so great that all who were then scrambling forward were jerked violently toward the submerged end of the train, and many of them were hurled into the water. The passengers were scattered in all directions, and many of them were killed or injured. The scene was a terrible one, and the survivors were rescued with great difficulty. The bodies of the deceased were recovered, and the wreckage of the bridge and cars was left at the bottom of the lake.

## BROKE THROUGH THE WINDOWS.

and fell into the lake, and but for the aid of those outside might have been drowned. Two ladies residing on the opposite side of the lake seeing the disaster, bravely jumped into a small skiff and paddled across, and rendered efficient service in rescuing three men and a boy who had fallen into the water. The news of the accident spread with amazing rapidity, and in less than five minutes over fifty persons had assembled around the wreck. As soon as the officers of the train appeared that all the passengers were safe, they turned their attention to the baggage cars, which were almost entirely submerged. It was at first supposed that the occupants of these cars had been all killed, but this fear was dispelled in a few minutes by a series of lusty yells which came from the interior of the baggage car belonging to the north-bound train. At first no answer could be received from the occupants of the baggage car on the south-bound train, but a moment or so later a slight rapping was heard against the roof of this car, and it was then known that there was still some one alive within. The train hands quickly procured axes, and in less than a minute they had made a hole in the roof of the baggage car. During this operation the greatest excitement existed among the passengers, and the crowd was increased by gentlemen from the surrounding farm houses and country residences. The men engaged in cutting a hole in the roof of the north-bound baggage car completed their work first, and on piercing through the hole they made their way into the interior of the car filled with water, while small boxes, trunks and packages were floating around. Mr. Harrison, the baggage master, and a passenger named Edward Kite, were in this car, and although badly bruised, they were not seriously injured. As these men were dragged out the passengers gave a rousing cheer, and at the same moment the workmen on the south-bound baggage car succeeded in breaking through the roof of the car, when

## A SICKENING SIGHT.

met their gaze. The body of a man was found among the baggage in a terribly mangled condition, while the groans of another victim could be heard proceeding from the middle of the car. The first man rescued was the baggage-master, a Mr. Curtis. Next came a badly wounded man, whose groans were heart-rending, and whose injuries were supposed to be necessarily fatal. This man, whose name is George Weisner, had his left leg shockingly mangled and lacerated, and the right limb badly injured. The doctor who was with him said that the body was so badly mangled that it could not be removed until after the body had been taken from the car. It appears that Weisner and Young were both passengers, and had got on the cars at Woodbury for the purpose of going on a hunting expedition. Mr. Purdy, the engineer of the south-bound train, was severely bruised about the face and body, having been thrown out of the cab by the force of the shock when the bridge fell. Mrs. Jane Marshall, a lady passenger on the north-bound train, was severely injured about the body by being trampled upon in the excitement following the accident. Mr. Harvey Winder, of this city, a passenger on the south-bound train, was severely bruised about the head and body, and was out about the head by being pushed off the platform of a car. A number of persons in the passenger cars were thoroughly soaked with water, and had rather a cold bath for the season. The bridge gave way

at once and fell in one mass, where it lies at the bottom of the lake under the trucks of the baggage cars and tenders.

## RAILWAY MURDER.

THE PERILS OF EUROPEAN RAILROAD TRAVELING—MURDERED IN A COMPARTMENT.

The London Times correspondent, at Vienna, writing on the 6th inst. says: The public have not been a little startled by the news which arrived from Moravia on Tuesday last, that on the night before a passenger had been found in a second-class carriage of the night mail between Brunn and Prerau with his throat cut and his pockets rifled of his contents. From letters found on his person it has been ascertained that the deceased, a man of about sixty, was the owner of a spirit refinery in Brauek, Ernest Katscher by name, a man of considerable means and known to be wealthy. He had gone in the morning to Brunn to see his daughter, who was married there, and to transact business, and was on his way home by the 11:15 P. M. train. The deceased had been seen in the restaurant of the station before he departed for the train. There were those who had seen him count a considerable sum of money and bank notes, and look over a quantity of state bonds and other stock. The body was found by the guard at the station of Crophin, close to Prerau. It was still warm, showing only a few drops of blood, and had been taken off his boots. Yet he must have awoke and attempted resistance, for he had cuts and scratches in the face, while his wrists were grazed. He had been robbed of everything of value about him except a golden bracelet, which he brought in Brunn. The guard was the first to supply a clue. He remembered a small, dark man, in a long gray overcoat and a soft felt hat, who had a third-class ticket and attempted to get into the second-class carriage where Katscher was seated when the train started. The man was given was followed with such diligence that

THE MURDERER WAS ARRESTED on the afternoon of the next day at a place called Pressnitz, and as evidence of his guilt was found in his possession, he at once made a full confession. His name is Leopold Freund, an Israelite native of the town of Treuerin, in the north of Hungary. He had been for a short time at one of the cafes of Brunn, but he had to leave. According to his confession he was very "hard up," and was determined to have money at any price. He was ready, as he said, to kill any man to attain this object. He had seen Katscher showing his pocket-book at the railway station, and dogged him. He followed him a few doors, and had therefore his husband's means. This was the reason that he only took his ticket repeatedly for short distances—a circumstance which first directed suspicion against him. He could not do the deed the first time he went into a compartment with Katscher, for the second-class compartments communicate with each other on the top, and there was another man in the next compartment, who got out at Neuzamsitz. Katscher was asleep when he returned, having taken a nap, and so Katscher was his first stab with the pocket-knife that it cut the man's throat right through, so that he could not utter a cry, which might have been heard by the guard, who was in his box on the very same carriage behind. Still, he did not feel satisfied. He tried to resist, till a second cut finished him. When the train slackened its pace at the station of Kojetin, the murderer got out through the carriage window on the opposite side, and, favored by the darkness, got away.

## A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

STEAM NO LONGER NEEDED—WATER AS A POWER FOR THE NEW MACHINES WILL CARRY A TRAIN TO SAN FRANCISCO AND RETURN—AN ENORMOUS PRESSURE GIVEN.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the New York Graphic describes a machine in process of construction in that city which, if the claims of its inventor, John W. Keeley, prove to be within the bounds of its capabilities, will awaken the interest of every civilized creature upon the globe, and mark a new epoch in human progress. It has been constructed at considerable expense, and after nearly fourteen years of repeated trial and failure. This machine is nothing less than a contrivance for the application of an alleged new motor—a new principle of motive power as far superior to steam as steam is to water. The machine is a small one, and is a secret known only to the inventor, and as such would naturally be entitled to all the incredulity that has invariably attached to exorbitant claims of a similar character. There are, however, certain statements made concerning it which will soon be easily susceptible of proof or disproof, as well as certain names connected with it that will compel the respectful consideration of the public. A number of gentlemen in Philadelphia and Worcester have contributed money to further the construction of the machine, and in New York John J. Cisco, Israel Corse, Hatch, of the firm of Cisco & Hatch, and others are said to have advanced considerable sums of money on condition of receiving the exclusive right to dispose of the machine in certain prescribed territories. The new apparatus is in the house of the inventor, John W. Keeley, No. 1810 Master Street. It is so near completed to his satisfaction that a model for deposit in the Patent Office at Washington has been ordered, and will soon be finished. But the most marvelous statement is yet to be made. Mr. Keeley claims that in the machine now at his residence he has developed

## THE ENORMOUS PRESSURE.

of 7,000 pounds to the square inch. When it is remembered that steam boilers are only subjected to a strain of from thirty to perhaps two hundred pounds per square inch, according to the purposes for which they are constructed, a proper sense of this leap upward to 7,000 pounds will be realized. With this power at his command, unnumbered with a corresponding cost and weight of metal, man's complete conquest of nature would seem to be a thing of the near future. Mr. Keeley asserts that with only two gallons of water he would be able to draw a train of cars from Philadelphia to San Francisco and back again. The water, it is stated by a friend of Mr. Keeley, would be used over and over, something like steam is utilized in a condensing engine. Incredible as this claim is the inventor further declares that he obtains this vast power without the use of fuel, without the use of chemicals, and without the use of electricity or magnetic currents. A conclusion naturally arrived at when it is stated that no fuel is used is that the power is obtained by the decomposition of the water and the rapid disengagement of hydrogen and oxygen, or of both these gases. The assertion that no chemicals or electrical currents are used is supposed to be made to overthrow this inference. The use of force derived from the evolution of gases is a new idea, and the only reason that it has not been employed is the fact that the consumption of the necessary chemical substances has been found to be more costly than the consumption of coal by means of steam.

## WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG.

[From Bret Harte's new Volume of Poems.]

Over the chimney the night wind sang  
And chanted a melody no one knew;  
And the woman stopped at the babe she tossed,  
And thought of a love she had long since lost,  
And said, as her tear-drops back she forced,  
"I hate the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang  
And chanted a melody no one knew;  
And the children said, as they closer drew,  
"This some witch that is cleaving the black  
night through—  
'Tis a fairy trumpet that just then blew,  
And we fear the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang,  
And chanted a melody no one knew;  
And the man, as he sat on his hearth below,  
Said to himself, "It will surely snow,  
And feel is dear, and wages low,  
And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang,  
And chanted a melody no one knew;  
But the poet listened and smiled, for he knew  
That the Man, and the Woman, and Child, all three,  
And he said, "It is God's own harmony,  
This wind that sings in the chimney."

## STILL ANOTHER.

THE TERRIBLE MURDER AT CLOVERDALE.

The Well Worn Insanity Dodge Enacted by the Murderer.

## A VIVID DESCRIPTION.

AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE AFFAIR BY A SENTINEL REPORTER—WHICH TELLS THE WHOLE STORY.

The Sentinel of the 2d contained a telegram giving the general facts in regard to the murder of his wife by George Martin, a well-to-do farmer of Putnam county, living fourteen miles from Greencastle. Yesterday the inquest was held, and the following additional facts learned: Riley Staunton, at whose house the tragedy occurred, testified as follows: We were all conversing in the room, and Martin got into a passion with his wife and made some charges against her, which she denied. He asked her to give him the child and he would give her \$100, but she refused to give the child up. He then offered her \$500 if she would go to Greencastle and get a divorce and he would pay her all her expenses. To this she made no answer. Martin then offered me five dollars if I would take his wife to Greencastle next morning, but she refused to go. He gave her some minutes to consider the proposition. On her again refusing, he drew his pistol and, putting it within a few inches of her head, fired, and she died instantly. This occurred about 9 o'clock Sunday night. I then jumped up and attempted to catch him, when he drew a knife and cut through my vest and two shirts, just scratching the skin, and also cut me badly on the hands, and then ran out the door. I saw him go into the barn, and I followed him, corroborated his testimony in all respects, and added the following: When Martin said he wanted a divorce, his wife said, "If you want to go, go." He told her he was tired of her, and would live with her another day or night, and she should get no more of his money. He then asked her if she had been a dutiful wife and mother, and she said she had. He drew a pistol and asked her to admit that she had not been faithful, and she said: "I'll die first."

## FOOT OF HER HEAD.

Mrs. Staunton then followed, to the same effect as the testimony of her husband. Dr. R. C. Dunnington, of Cloverdale, who made the examination of the corpse said: The ball from the pistol entered the left parietal bone and ranged diagonally to base of skull and lodged in the right occipital bone. No marks of violence on the head beside the wound, which I should judge to have been made by a number 22 cartridge. A wound of that kind would cause instant death. The examination was made on Tuesday, Dec. 1.

It was also shown in evidence that when Martin left Staunton's he went to Tom Morgan's, about two and a half miles distant, where he arrived between 10 and 11 o'clock. He told Morgan that

## HE HAD SHOT HIS WIFE.

but did not know whether he had killed her, and would give him five dollars to say nothing about it. He would also give Morgan ten dollars if he would find out if his wife was dead and tell him. Martin from here went to Mr. Flanagan's, and stayed all night. He reached Cloverdale Monday morning, and bought a quart of whiskey, on which he got drunk, and went to Mike Cohn's, where he was arrested at 7:30 A. M., by John Brothers, constable of the township, who kept him in the upper story of the Central House. In an

## INTERVIEW WITH MARTIN.

at the jail he told the reporter the main facts in his life. He was born in Morgan county, Ky., July 15, 1837. In 1861 he went into the army as a volunteer in the Twenty-second Kentucky infantry, from which he was discharged on the 25th day of November, 1865. He then came to Putnam county, Ind., and shortly afterward married a Miss Bradstreet, a young lady of excellent family and considerable property. She died April 11, 1872, leaving a girl by his wife's brother-in-law. After her death he hired a widow woman, Mrs. Capps, who had several children, to keep house for him. He soon afterwards became engaged to an old maid, Elizabeth Rule, but got tired of her, and induced Mrs. Capps to give him her daughter Nancy, aged 14, for his wife and married her on the 9th of March, 1873. He says they got along very nicely with the exception of a few troubles with his mother-in-law. When asked concerning the death of his wife he played the insanity dodge and said she was at home, and he wanted to go to her, as he didn't like to have her stay all alone at night. When asked why he was in jail with handcuffs on, he came close to the grating in the door and whispered: "I'll tell you the truth about it. I am in here because I killed Jim. About three weeks ago he decided to remove to Mattoon, Ill., and sold his farm, but his wife would not sign the deed until compelled to do so by cruel beatings. They shipped their goods to that point, and started on a trip through

I SHOT HIM with a revolver, and don't know whether he is dead or not."

He talked very sensibly upon every subject but the death of his wife, but the moment that was touched he played the insane game. Persons who are acquainted with the murderer and his late wife say that for some time he treated his wife very well, but since the birth of a child, about seven months ago, he has become estranged and endeavored to get rid of her by cruelty and abuse of all kinds. Soon after the marriage, Elizabeth Rule, to whom he had been previously engaged, sued him for breach of promise and the suit was compromised by his paying her \$500. About three weeks ago he decided to remove to Mattoon, Ill., and sold his farm, but his wife would not sign the deed until compelled to do so by cruel beatings. They shipped their goods to that point, and started on a trip through

Kentucky and Illinois, visiting his relatives in the former state and final coming around to Mattoon. Not finding their goods there they went back to Cloverdale to see what had become of them, and during their visit there stopped with Mr. Staunton, at whose

## HOUSE THE MURDER OCCURRED.

When he shot his wife she was sitting in a chair with their child sleeping in her arms, and death was so sudden that she did not move, but sat upright in her chair with the blood trickling over her face, and the babe still sleeping in her arms. She did not fall, but sat bolt upright in her chair, until taken from it by her friends and laid upon a bed. Martin has been a drinking man all his life, but since the death of

## HIS FIRST WIFE.

has been drinking to excess. He has always borne the reputation of a rake and soon tires of any one person. He has a brother in Missouri and another in Kentucky; besides these he has a mother and several sisters living on the old home farm in Kentucky. While his character was very bad, his wife was good. She was always known as an affectionate and amiable woman, and every one spoke well of her. The excitement in the town of Cloverdale and the city of Greencastle was very great and it was feared that he would be lynched by the indignant people. The coroner's jury after hearing all the evidence yesterday morning rendered the following verdict: "That the deceased, Nancy A. Martin, came to her death, by murder in the first degree, by a shot from a pistol in the hands of George N. Martin." The place where the murder was committed is about two miles east of Cloverdale, which place is about two miles south of Greencastle. The corpse of the murdered woman will be interred to-day.

## THE ITALIAN RIOT.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN THE ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MINERS AT ARMSTRONG'S—THREE MEN KILLED AND SEVERAL WOUNDED—QUELLING THE DISTURBANCE.

The Pittsburgh Telegraph of the 30th inst. contains the following account of the mining riots near that city already sent to the Sentinel by telegram: The troubles which existed among the Italian miners of Armstrong's works, and the striking American coal diggers, whose places the Italians had taken, seemed to have subsided until Saturday night, when a bloody riot broke out lasting not only all night, but nearly all day Sunday. The result was the killing of three of the participants and the wounding of seven others. Yesterday afternoon the scene of the disturbance broke out in the shape of several telegrams from the scene of war, signed by C. H. Armstrong, John Guiffey, F. S. Todd and Thomas Moore, setting forth that a riot was in progress, and that the miners were crossing the river and had been since 8 o'clock Saturday night, and calling on Sheriff Hare to take some measures to preserve the peace. Later in the afternoon the sheriff received another dispatch from Shaner's, saying that a riot was in progress at that point. Summoning nine of his deputies, the sheriff secured special arrangements on the Connellsville road for transportation to the scene of the fight. The special train bearing the sheriff and his party reached Armstrong's at 3 o'clock, the principal disturbance, about 6 o'clock. The confusion attending the riot, and the inevitable contradictory statements which always accompany affairs of this nature, made it difficult for the sheriff to reach a clear and satisfactory explanation of the disturbance and learn its origin.

## THE ITALIANS' SIDE OF THE STORY.

It is the firing commenced from the Allegheny county side of the Youghiogheny river, Saturday night, and that some of their men were wounded. Sunday morning, about 9 o'clock, five of the Italians started over to Buena Vista, about a mile below Armstrong's, in a barge, and fired at the Americans. Dr. Stewart for the wounded. Before they had reached the shore a party rushed out of ambush on the river bank and opened a heavy fire upon them, driving them back to the Westmoreland county side of the river. The Italians retreated, and Shaner, not far from Buena Vista, and were fired at all the way back. They returned to Armstrong's and the firing was kept up until about half past 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The Italians returned their fire as long as the ammunition held out, which was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The retreating party took refuge in Guisset's house, at Armstrong's, where they were subjected to a heavy fire from parties over the river, who had congregated there to the number of at least 200. In this fight two Italians, Charles Moses and Frank Mora—were wounded.

## FROM ANOTHER STANDPOINT.

Mr. Frank Patterson and other citizens of Buena Vista give a somewhat different version of the crossing of the Italians to the Allegheny side. Their statement is that the boat contained, not five, but between twenty and thirty Italians armed. The impression of the citizens was that the object of the Italians in crossing to Buena Vista was to set fire to the town, and this supposition, as may be imagined, caused intense excitement. It was also stated that the Italians in the boat were supported by a large force from the other side who kept up a constant firing during the time their companions were crossing the river and for some time after they were routed. The women and children of Buena Vista congregated at the house of Mr. Patterson, which is located in the lower part of the town, and consequently not so much exposed to the bullets of the invading Italians. The Buena Vistians claim to have taken no part in the mining troubles further than to preserve the peace in the town, and that all their troubles were chargeable to outside parties, namely the Italians, but persons residing on the Allegheny county side of the river, who made their headquarters in the town. The villagers had acted entirely on the defensive, and would not have fired upon the Italians in the boat had they not been satisfied that the party was composed of the invading Italians. The Buena Vistians claim to have taken no part in the mining troubles further than to preserve the peace in the town, and that all their troubles were chargeable to outside parties, namely the Italians, but persons residing on the Allegheny county side of the river, who made their headquarters in the town. The villagers had acted entirely on the defensive, and would not have fired upon the Italians in the boat had they not been satisfied that the party was composed of the invading Italians. The Buena Vistians claim to have taken no part in the mining troubles further than to preserve the peace in the town, and that all their troubles were chargeable to outside parties, namely the Italians, but persons residing on the Allegheny county side of the river, who made their headquarters in the town. The villagers had acted entirely on the defensive, and would not have fired upon the Italians in the boat had they not been satisfied that the party was composed of the invading Italians.

## THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.